

THE BUBBLES OF LIFE.

A boy and girl upon the yellow beach
Blow shining bubbles in the summer
air.
And as they floated off they named them,
each.
Choosing what seemed to him or her
most fair.

"I name mine 'Wealth,'" exclaimed the
careless boy.
"So may I never have to count the
cost.
But ships and houses own, as now a
toy."
But Wealth was driven far out to sea
and lost.

"I name mine 'Beauty,'" said the pretty
girl.
"So women all shall envy my fair face,
And men shall kneel and beg me for a
kiss."
But Beauty vanished quickly into
space.

"I name this 'Fame,'" essayed the boy
again.
"So may I hear my praises every hour
As orator or soldier sung by men."
But Fame was wrecked against the
beacon tower.

"This is 'Long Life,'" returned the little
maid.
"So may I happy be for many a year,
Nor be till late of ugly death afraid."
But Long Life broke within a grave-
yard near.

At last twin globules they together blew,
And named them "Love," as slow they
rose on high.
The sun shone through them with prism-
atic hue.
Till Love was lost within the glowing
sky.

IRVING BROWNE.

The Tale of a Donkey.

Some years ago, when traveling over the road that winds among the Syrian hills from Jerusalem to Jaffa, the writer overtook, at a wayside well, a Greek merchant, whose caravan was resting in the shade of a few spare trees that struggled for existence at the brink of a spring.

While sharing with the fellow-wayfarer this temporary refuge from the fierce noonday sun, he related to me an experience of his, which, in the strangeness of its story, may, I think, prove of interest to the readers of this paper.

He shall tell it in his own way, shorn, however, of such divergencies as now and again were caused by his expressions of admiration of some weird-shaped arab or other object, and the ever and anon recurring intervals when a fresh cigarette had to be made and lighted.

"The incident which I am about to tell you of," commenced the Levantine, "befell me when engaged on a trading mission entrusted to me by my father in these parts. After visiting the southern ports, I had come northward to Beyrout, intending to make from thence a quick inland journey to Damascus, whence in a brief sojourn I should be able to complete the purpose of my errand.

"At Beyrout I had letters to an old friend of my father's which procured for me a ready offer of hospitality, and of this I availed myself during such period as was necessary to enable me to arrange all preparations for setting forth into the interior.

"The goods which I had to convey to Damascus being many, I was obliged to hire donkeys for their transport; and the bargaining for these animals, together with the inevitable altercation as to payment of their drivers, necessitated much wearisome expenditure of time and patience.

"Then there were sundry small needs for the caravan to be attended to, and a thousand and one disputes with all who had, or fancied they had, claims on me to be disposed of. It was, therefore, not without relief that I at last found my goods, donkeys and drivers ready for the journey across the desert.

"On the day appointed for the start, I went to bid my kind host farewell. When he showed me a small bag of money containing some hundreds of Turkish pounds, which he stated he had just received from one of his agents, and which he greatly wished to have conveyed to his partner in Damascus at once.

"This was a responsibility I should have hesitated to accept, had I not considered the meager means of communication between the coast and the interior, his kindness to me, and the friendship entertained for him by my father; but when, in expressing my willingness to undertake the charge, I hinted at the risks involved, the old merchant affected to treat them lightly, advising me to keep the secret of the money to myself.

"However, his assurance did not altogether set at rest my uneasiness in the matter; so I purchased one of the tobacco pouches made of the skin of the small desert fox, such as the Arab carries when traveling, and in this I placed the money, covering it with tobacco. By this ruse I hoped to make appearances aid me in disarming suspicion and the rendering of my charge in safety. Alas for the fallibility of the most carefully laid plans!

"My caravan, with its neatly-laden donkeys, several others for riding, and their Syrian drivers, was ready, and at the appointed hour wended its way out from the maze of Beyrout's streets, and striking into the desert tract, had soon lost sight of house and mosque.

"We had not proceeded far from the town, however, before I found that the money I carried in my waist-cloth was proving a sore burden, while its self-assertive presence continued to remind me of the responsibility attaching to it.

"Watching my opportunity, therefore, when seemingly my dusky companions were intent on other objects than observing my movements, I hid the tobacco-pouch in my saddlebag, thus shifting the responsibility of cash to the patient loose-legged animal floundering along in the sandy road.

"The trials of the way seemed as nothing now. I could superintend the affairs of my party without distraction,

and did not need to fear seeing in my dreams visions of animated money bags, or imps and goblins glittering and jingling in elish dances around my sleepless head.

"Our journey was uneventful, and in due time we reached a village lying a few miles outside the walls of Damascus. The hour of our arrival at this village being late, and the men tired with the day's march, I determined to rest the night here, and make our entry into the town on the morrow. The donkeys were therefore unharnessed and tethered, their loads stored away in an empty hut, and the men dispersed themselves among the crowd of villagers to smoke and gossip.

"With the first glimmer of the dawn, the drivers, all anxious to reach the city—the white domes and minarets of which could be seen frescoed against the gray sky—were up and busily reloading the donkeys, and adding to the usual commotion of a caravan breaking up its camp so jubilant a hubbub that the little village was soon awakened from its slumbers, and its occupants gathering around to watch our departure.

"When all the preparations were complete, I looked to see that everything was in place, and finally thrusting my hand into the saddlebag of my donkey, where had rested I knew the tobacco-pouch on the previous night, when the saddlebags had been placed in my tent, felt for my charge and treasure. Gone!

"Hardly daring to believe my fears, I searched more closely, but only to realize more certainly that I had been robbed. That this should happen on the threshold of my goal, and in spite of all my watchfulness and care, only added to the keenness with which I felt my position.

"Virtually I was alone in this village, and could not expect the innabants to interest themselves in the matter, unless by so doing they could disclaim any partisanship with the thief. Nor could one of the villagers well have been the culprit, seeing that the particular saddlebag had never been out of my own care, or that of one of the drivers long enough to be tampered with.

"If the thief, therefore, was to be discovered, it was clear that he was to be found among the men of my own party, of whom there were some dozen or more; but how to find him out and recover the stolen property was a Gordian knot hard indeed to untie. To question them was, of course, of little avail, each demand being met by a ready denial of the theft, while searching them was almost as idle, the Arab being well accustomed to make the sand his silent treasurer.

"The report of my loss, carried on the tongues of many an exaggerated and fanciful version, soon swelled the crowd of villagers who had lingered to watch our caravan, and now, in excited chatter, talked the matter over, or squatted silently among the bales and beasts in true eastern unconcern.

"Realizing the impossibility of obtaining any other redress than that which the governor of Damascus could afford me, I was about to give the word to proceed on our way, when there stepped up to me a little old Arab, who touched me on the sleeve, saying:

"If the Howaga will make his men do all I ask of them, I will undertake to find for him his lost money."

"The speaker, a wizened, white-haired man, clad in the most tattered and dubiously clean of camel-hair cloaks, was such an odd little personage that my trust in his proffered help was not great; but there lurked in his dark eyes something so cunning that, half involuntarily, I answered:

"If you will try to discover the thief, my men shall do everything that you shall require them to do; and if you succeed you and your village shall have much thanks and reward."

"With this understanding between us, the unkempt-looking individual who had volunteered his services as detective asked to be shown the donkey from which the money had been abstracted.

"On its being pointed out to him, he had all the packages removed from its back, and then solemnly bidding us adieu while he 'talked to the donkey,' led it away to an empty hut that stood near by.

"In a few moments he returned alone, having apparently found the donkey's conversational powers limited, and proceeded to set all the drivers in a row before him, like soldiers at drill.

"Having arranged them to his satisfaction, he next asked them one by one if they had stolen the money, and appeared in no wise disconcerted at the prompt negative that met each repetition of the question.

"This formally gone through, he addressed the men before him with the following original speech:

"You have all heard how beasts could recognize a touch, though they cannot see the hand that touches them; the truth of this I will prove. I have taken the donkey from whose back the money was stolen into the hut which you see yonder, and talked with him about the Howaga's misfortune, and he has promised to bray when the guilty hand is laid on him. The hut is dark and empty, and you must go in one by one and pull the donkey's tail—pull it hard. When the guilty man does so, the donkey will bray as he has promised, but the innocent need have no fear, since he will know them likewise."

"At the close of this address there was much natural hesitation on every one's part to interview that most intelligent of donkeys, but the Arab, still holding to his military discipline, sent his men in one by one.

"In turn each passed the ordeal of the dark hut, and presumptively pulled the talkative donkey's tail, but,

strange to say, when the last man had fulfilled his duty, no asinine voice had been raised in betrayal of the culprit.

"I began to think the Arab possessed of but little more reason than his four-footed assistant, and was about to hint so to him, when I saw him telling the men into line again, and telling them to hold out their hands, wander down the line, smelling these twenty or more palms.

"Twice he walked up and down the line, dipping his wizened old face into each extended hand in turn, and on each journey hesitating suspiciously at a particular individual whose features were warrant for the idea which occurred to my mind that if the theft could be brought home to any one, it was probably to this member of our caravan—a thought finding confirmation when the Arab drew him from the row, saying:

"This is the man that stole the Howaga's money."

"Thus accused at the moment when he believed all danger by donkey-craft or otherwise had passed, the thief, thrown off his guard, confessed how he had noticed the way I clung to the fatal pouch at the outset of the expedition, and concluded it of value, and how he had seen me hide it in the saddlebag, and, watching his opportunity, had stolen it that night; how he had buried it, meaning in after days to recover it, but would restore it if the Howaga would not hand him over to the governor of Damascus.

"Too glad to get the money back again, I promised to forgive him if he returned untouched the stolen property, and allowed him under charge of two of his fellows, to fetch it from its hiding place.

"In a few minutes it was brought back to me. It had not been opened, for the original sewing was intact, the thief having doubtless hurried over his task of secreting it, fearing interruption.

"Mystified by the complete success of the detection, I called the Arab aside, and asked him to explain how it was that he had found the thief, in the face of such difficulties.

"At first he seemed reluctant to betray his secret; but, yielding to the promise of an additional present, he said:

"The Howaga knows it is said the guilty think always of their guilt, while the blameless walk fearlessly. Knowing this, I hoped to find the thief, and by the truth of it I found him. I did not speak to the donkey, nor ask him to bray, but simply tied him in that dark hut, and rubbed his tail with scented oil, believing that the innocent and therefore bold men would do as I told them, and pull the donkey's tail, but that the true thief would, when he found himself alone in the hut and unwatched, say to himself: 'Why should I do as this simpleton has ordered, and by pulling the tail of this donkey make him bray and so betray myself, when I have but to wait a moment in this dark hovel, and then slip out again free and unsuspected?' And, as I surmised, the facts bore out my reasoning. When afterward I ranged the men in order and smelt their hands, one man only had hands unscented by the oil. This man therefore I knew must be the thief. What followed after, the Howaga saw and knows. This was the only art I used."—J. B. Taylor in Golden Days.

Recipes.

Carrot Croquettes.—Four large carrots will make a dozen. Boil until tender, peel, rub through a sieve. Add one cupful of thick white sauce (using two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour) mix, season highly and when cold and firm shape and fry by dropping into boiling lard.

To Preserve Eggs.—A valuable new recipe which keeps eggs in good condition for months and does not taint them. Take a charred box or cask, cover the bottom with a thick layer of old, shelled corn—corn from last year's crop. Stand in this the eggs on the little end, allowing a slight separation between them. Continue the layer of corn and eggs until the top is reached; let the last one of corn be several inches deep. Cover tightly and set in a cool, dry place. The superiority of the corn lies in its being thoroughly dry, and it is free from all heat and moisture—usually the destroying elements.

Chopped Pickle.—Six large cucumbers, one peck of green tomatoes, one head of cabbage, four large onions, three large bunches of celery, four small peppers, 5 cents' worth of mixed white mustard and celery seed, one gallon of vinegar and one-half teaspoonful of grated horseradish. Sprinkle one-half teaspoonful of salt through the above vegetables after they are chopped; let remain twenty-four hours. Heat up in a weak vinegar at first, drain, then boil twenty minutes in the clear, strong elder vinegar. Will keep well in crocks unsealed.

Spiced grapes make a delicious relish to serve with meats. The grapes are picked from the stem and the pulp and the skins separated. Put in the pulp in a kettle and cook until the seeds begin to separate. The skins are put in another kettle with enough water to keep them from burning. Strain the pulp through a sieve to remove the seeds then add to the skins with the sugar, vinegar and spice. For 5 pounds of fruit use 3 pounds of sugar, three-fourths pint of vinegar, 1 teaspoon each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon. Boil until it is thick.

It is believed that American fruit will ultimately find a market in Siberia, and negotiations are now proceeding between the governments of the United States and Russia relative thereto. The United States consul at Vladivostok says that American canned fruits are in great favor there.

Some Missouri Dairy Laws.

Oleomargarine unlabeled.—Any hotel or boarding-house keeper in this state who shall set before his guests at any meal any compound resembling butter in appearance, manufactured from cattle fat or hog fat, or such other articles, known to the trade as oleomargarine, and shall not clearly and legibly mark the vessel in which such compound is served with the words "oleomargarine," or "impure butter," shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction shall be fined in a sum of not less than one hundred nor more than five hundred dollars.

Skimmed-milk cheese to be labeled, how.—No person or persons, corporation, company or other association or congregation of individuals, shall manufacture, sell, or offer for sale, directly or indirectly, at retail or at wholesale, in this state any article to be known or denominated cheese, not made from pure cream or unskimmed milk or cream of the milk, unless such person or persons, corporation, company, or association of individuals manufacturing the same, or offering the same for sale, or selling the same, shall brand or label such cheese or article so offered for sale denominated a cheese, with black letters not less than one inch in length in a conspicuous place and of large size, in the English language, as follows: "Skimmed milk cheese," or with the words "not full cream cheese," giving the true name of such article called cheese so manufactured or offered for sale, clearly and indelibly branded, marked, or labeled thereon, so that the same can be distinctly read and fully comprehended, at all stores or places or factories where the same may be offered for sale.

Selling oleomargarine.—Label.—Whoever manufactures out of any oleaginous substances, or any compounds of the same, resembling butter in appearance, manufactured from cattle fat or hog fat, or such substances heretofore known as oleomargarine, oleo, oleomargarine oil, butterine, lardine, suine and neutral, all lard extracts and tallow extracts, and all mixtures and compounds of tallow, beef fat, suet, lard, lard oil, vegetable oil, annatto and other coloring matter, intestinal fat and offal fat other than that produced from unadulterated milk, or cream from the same, any article designed to take the place of butter or cheese, produced from pure, unadulterated milk or cream of the same, or any article made in imitation of butter, or when so made calculated or intended to be sold as butter or for butter, unless said manufacturers shall pack said imitation substitute in firkins, tubs or wooden or paper packages, with the true name of said imitation substitute clearly and indelibly branded, marked or labeled thereon, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall on conviction thereof be confined in the county jail not exceeding one year, or fined not exceeding one thousand dollars, or both.

Linseed Oil Prices.

A man who has investigated the present condition of the linseed oil market says that the recent advances in the price of linseed are rather unusual, and states that the feeling existed among traders that quotations were to be boosted gradually. It is not denied that present conditions warrant prevailing quotations, though "there appears to be a wide difference in opinion as to the extent of the crop of seed, the estimates ranging all the way from 15,000,000 to 25,000,000 bushels, and apparently the crushers, whose interests are most vitally affected and who are probably best informed as to its probable extent, incline to the lower figures. That a very large proportion of the seed is in a more or less damaged condition is conceded by all, but to what extent this may affect the production of oil, or how much of the seed is damaged to make it practically useless, cannot be determined. The crops of seed in Argentina and India can, under the conditions existing here, have little influence, as the high prices ruling here preclude exports, and should the lower estimates of the domestic crop prove correct there will be no surplus, if, indeed, it will prove adequate. These, however, are problems to be solved later. The effect of the higher prices will be to restrict consumption, though to what extent it is, of course, difficult to conjecture. That corn oil and other substitutes will be used more largely goes without question, and it is more than probable that manufacturers of compound oils, called paint oils, will take advantage of the situation to push the sale of their cheaper products. If the high price of oil continues those may have an important influence on the consumption of linseed oil, and may result in causing changes not now foreseen or anticipated. It is as yet too early to determine just what the supplies of flaxseed are or to what extent prices are being manipulated by the speculators in flaxseed and its product.

A distinguished agricultural writer says: "While potash is cheap, there can be no question of using soda in any form for preparing composts. Potash is a manure in itself, a necessary form of plant food. Soda has no such claim upon the farmer's attention. Plants can succeed perfectly well without soda, and as an alkali it has no advantage over potash."

THE LITTLE TO-BE'S.

Who are these little folk crowding about
And chambering all over our knees?
They are a family of which I will tell—
The family of Little To-Be's.

These are our soldiers and sailors to come,
Our generals and presidents, too,
Our lawyers and doctors and merchants
And our patriots, all good and true.

Some little fellow that is bubbling o'er,
Full of mischief and rollicking fun,
Will some of these days be a dignified
Judge,
And we trust an equitable one.

This little rogue with the tangle of curls,
And the sweep of all the way let,
Will possibly grow a general to be,
Or a president, likely as not.

Thus all of our business, affairs of state,
And our commerce on land and the seas,
In a very few years will be carried on
By this family of Little To-Be's.

—Arthur J. Burdick.

A Borrowed Bicycle.

For once there was a buzz of excitement in the usually "sleepy-bellow" village of Winthrop. Tacked to the schoolhouse door, in the postoffice and on the guide-post, at the four corners leading from the village, was the following notice:

BICYCLE RACE!
Bicycle race, next Saturday, from Wolf Neck bridge to Saunderson's hill. First prize, \$10; second prize, \$5. Any boy under 16, living at Winthrop, may enter the contest. Bring out your wheels for a lively spin!

RICHARD HOLMAN.
"One of the new boards at the Willows!" exclaimed Carl Andrews, reading the signature at the bottom of the plainly printed card.

"He's the one who offered the prize for the best reader in the Wayne district, last fall," added Harold Dix by way of explanation.

"Anyhow, he's a dandy!" and Carl turned again to the posted notice. "Wonder you'll get it."

"You will, of course—one of them," replied Harold, throwing his arm around his friend's shoulders. "You are the best rider in town."

"I don't know about that," said Carl, slowly. "There's Guy Wilson; he'll give anyone, I don't care who it is, a pretty hard push. But I tell you, I'd like to get that ten dollars, though! With it I'd have almost enough to buy the typewriter, and then I could get lots to do down in the village, copying for folks! My! I'll try it, and if Guy Wilson gets it 't won't be Carl Andrews' fault!"

For the next two weeks the coming bicycle race was the only talk of the village. Morning, afternoon and evening the level stretch from Wolf Neck bridge to Saunderson's hill was alive with Winthrop boys, determined on winning one of the prizes. If vigorous practices could do it.

"Wonder why Carl Andrews doesn't come out; anyone know whether he intends to try for it?" and the little fat grocer turned expectantly to a group of boys who stood resting near by on their handle-bars.

"Oh, I think so; guess he does his practice over on the river road—it's pretty level there."

And such was the case. An hour every morning and evening Carl devoted to persistent practice where, as he declared, he could furnish his own criticism and advice.

"How does your wheel work?" asked Uncle Frank one evening, a week before the race.

"Fairly well, though it isn't the latest model by any means."

"How'd you like to use mine on Saturday?"

Uncle Frank's was a new chainless, the envy and admiration of half the boys in town.

"Yours!" Carl exclaimed incredulously. "My! I guess with that I could win, but of course it's out of the question."

"I don't know about that; I'm going to offer it to you, anyway."

"Really!" and visions of typewriters began to present themselves in rapid succession for Carl's choice.

"Yes, and from now on you can practice with it, only don't take it out in the evening. There's plenty of time during the day. At night there's more or less danger of running into something and puncturing the tires."

"It goes just like a bird," declared Carl to Harold, Friday afternoon, "and I'm almost sure to win. I've been watching the boys for two or three days, and they're way off—can't come up with the chainless."

That evening Uncle Frank drove over to Paris.

"Go to bed early, Carl, and be ready for tomorrow," he called, as he drove from the yard.

All right," and Carl went to take a good-night look at his chainless friend.

It was a beautiful moonlight evening.

"I must take just one more ride while nobody's there," said Carl to himself. "Uncle Frank wouldn't care—just—this—once."

Late in the afternoon a load of rubbish had been driven out to the dump, and a bottle had fallen unnoticed from the cart. A farm wagon going by had passed over it, leaving ugly pieces of glass scattered along the roadside.

The air was cool, and "the road's just perfect," thought Carl, as he spun along on the "borrowed" wheel.

"What was that?" He stopped his wheel almost instantly. "I thought I ran over some glass."

Carl breathed more easily on finding the bicycle apparently uninjured.

"Guess I won't go any farther—Uncle Frank wouldn't like it," and Carl hurried back to the house with a guilty feeling he couldn't throw off. "Wish I hadn't done it," he said, as he leaned the wheel in its accustomed rack.

"They're a fine-looking line," declared Mr. Holman, with a feeling of pride, as he stood near the boys, who were waiting for the signal to start.

"Bang! They were off, led by Guy Wilson and Ted Stone. When they reached the half-way line Guy was ahead, closely followed by Carl. Shout upon shout arose respectively from their little groups of anxious and interested friends.

"Carl's going to get it," Harold was waving his handkerchief excitedly. "He's—"

But no—something had happened! Guy was under the line and Ted was next behind.

"I am happy to award honorable mention to Carl Andrews," added Mr. Holman, after bestowing the two prizes upon Guy and Ted. "He undoubtedly would have won the first prize but for a very unfortunate puncture."

"It—it's a dishonorable mention I deserve," faltered Carl, honestly, as he pointed out to his Uncle Frank, on the way home, where he had run over the glass that had done all the mischief.

"Wonder it hadn't cut clear through at the time," replied his uncle, examining the tire.

"I guess it wanted to teach me a lesson—and it has, one I shall never forget," said Carl, soberly.—Adelbert F. Caldwell, in Portland Transcript.

Our Trade with Canada.

Two important bulletins have recently been published by the department of agriculture. One showing agricultural imports of the United States from 1895 to 1899, the other agricultural exports during the same period. Concerning importations from Canada, the report says:

Numerous farm products were imported from Canada, but mostly in limited quantities, the total value for 1895-1899 averaging \$10,149,241 a year. Live stock formed the largest item, amounting in average annual value to \$2,176,000. There were imports of sheep worth \$39,000, cattle worth \$749,000, and horses worth \$142,000. Next to live stock, wheat was the leading import, having a value of \$1,355,000. Then came hides and skins, valued at \$1,236,000, and hay, valued at \$1,077,000. Wool was imported to the value of \$829,000. Among various other items were the following: Tobacco, \$495,000; fruits and nuts, \$111,000; beans and peas, \$397,000; barley, \$330,000; flax, \$232,000; and potatoes, \$154,000.

Our exports to Canada are set forth as follows:

Next to our five leading European customers—the United Kingdom, Germany, France, Netherlands, and Belgium—Canada furnished the largest market for our agricultural exports during 1895-1899, the average yearly value of the produce sent to that country amounting to \$24,970,599.

Breadstuffs formed nearly one-half of the trade, the value of this item averaging \$11,687,000 a year. Exports of Indian corn worth \$4,173,000, of wheat worth \$4,049,000, and of wheat flour worth \$2,790,000 were recorded. Other breadstuffs were shipped much less extensively.

After breadstuffs, the most important agricultural export to Canada was cotton, the shipments of this product having an average yearly value of \$3,292,000.

Our exports of meat products to Canada were comparatively small, the value amounting to only \$2,372,000. Bacon to the value of \$652,000, salted or pickled pork \$574,000, hams \$373,000, and lard \$313,000 formed the chief items.

Among the numerous other agricultural products sent to Canada the most important, with their values, were: Tobacco, \$1,231,000; cheese, \$899,000; hides and skins, \$777,000; horses, \$435,000; and cattle, \$385,000.

Slate Pencils.

Slate pencils were formerly all cut from solid slate, just as it is dug from the earth, but pencils so made were objected to on account of the grit which they contain, and which would scratch the slate. To overcome this difficulty an ingenious process has been devised by which the slate is ground to a very fine powder, all grit and foreign substances removed, and the powder boiled through silk cloth in much the same manner in which flour is boiled. The powder is then made into a dough, and this dough is subjected to a very heavy hydraulic pressure, which presses the pencil out the required shape and diameter, but in lengths of about three feet. While yet soft the pencils are cut into the desired lengths and set out to dry in the open air. After they are thoroughly dry the pencils are placed in steam baking kilns, where they receive the proper temper. Pencils made in this manner are not only free from all grit and of uniform hardness, but are stronger than those cut out of solid slate. For these reasons they have superseded the old kind. Over twenty-five millions of these pencils were made and sold in 1899 by one American concern in Chattanooga.

Peanut Vines.

Southern flower lovers use the peanut vine as an ornamental plant for the parlor or sitting room window. Kept in a warm room or by the kitchen stove a peanut kernel planted in a pot of loose, mellow loam, kept only moderately moist, will soon germinate and grow into a beautiful plant, extending its branches over the side of the pot in a pendant manner. An interesting habit of plant life is the curious way its compound leaves have of closing together at nightfall or during a shower. Its tiny yellow flowers on peduncles on which the nuts grow impart a unique charm.